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# 1

"She truly is torn..."

# 2

That was the first thing I heard when I opened my eyes.

# 3

My mothers cold eyes gazed at me.

# 4

"I don't want such a *disgusting* thing consuming my milk."

# 5

"It's a pity I even wanted... it...."

# 6

My mother stood up. Holy Starclan she was huge.

# 7

I finally got a good look at my mother.

# 8

She was a beautiful ginger she cat. The sun reflected off her clean, sleek pelt.

# 9

I hope I look like her.

# 10

As she walked out of the den, I finally realized other cats were there

# 11

A dark grey tom and a white she cat

# 12

They all aren't looking at me.

# 13

The tom slowly followed, the she cat following only after she looked behind me.

# 14

Suddenly a set of jaws fasten around my neck.

# 15

I'm carried to another side of the den by a black and brown shecat.

# 16

She layed me down next to two sleeping kits.

# 17

"It seems your mother wanted to call you 'Tornkit' but seeing as I will be the one raising you, I think I should change it."

# 18

I liked this cat, she had a soft voice.

# 19

"Well, it's nice to meet you, I'm Batwing."

# 20

"And you are Monarchkit, for you may be small, and have a different coloration then any cat, but you are strong, and you will prove it someday!"

# 21

I didn't truly understand her words, but all I could do was snuggle into her fur, purring.

# 22

About a moon had passed, and I grew very close to my adopted littermates, hawkkit, a light brown tabby tom-kit, and Turtlekit, a white and brown splashed she kit.

# 23

Turtlekit was soft spoken, but outgoing, hawkkit was that boastful, fun lovin' kit out of every litter.

# 24

I was shy and depressed all the time though.

# 25

My first rain... it seemed happy, but it took a dramatic turn.

# 26

I remember looking down at my reflection.
I was scared.

# 27

My pelt coloring was weird. Split in half right down the center of my face.

# 28

My feet were basically little knobs.

# 29

No wonder why everyone looked at me strangely. I was the exact opposite of a Windclan cat.

# 30

Snickers of other cats, especially my mothers, could be heard behind me.

# 31

Now, against Batwing's constant protests, the clan was deciding my fate.

# 32

Stay or go

Die or live.

# 33

That was the last thing a one moon old kit wanted.

# 34

But that's what you get for being different in a bad way.

# 35

My mother had made the decision to make the choice. Because of my legs, I would only be a burden to the clan, and because of my pelt color, a freak.

# 36

Because of this, many cats were on my biological parents side. My adoptive family and a few other cats on my own.

# 37

After many nights of debate, my fate was sided

# 38

At the gathering, the other clans would see if they wanted me or not.

# 39

Only a few cats knew of the "if not" part.

# 40

I was not one of those cats.

# 41

Turtlekit was the first one to speak up.

# 42

"If Monarchkit goes, I go!"

# 43

Her words were quickly followed by Batwing and Hawkkit.

# 44

When Finchstar looked ready to protest, Batwing spat at him.

# 45

"I will not willingly live in a clan that gives away -even kills- kits just because of the way their born!"

# 46

Finchstar let out a sigh. "This issue is settled. Monarchkit will go to the gathering, and if another clan takes her, Batwing and her kits can join that clan, so long as the leader agrees. Are we all in agreement?"

# 47

There were growls about the last part, but no one protested.

# 48

I was tired by the end of all that.

# 49

I settled down in my nest with Batwing that may be my last night with her.

# 50

The gathering was better then I thought.

# 51

After shaming Windclan's decision, Drizzlestar of Shadowclan agreed to take me, Batwing, Turtlekit, and Hawkkit in.

# 52

Even though I still got weird stares, all the cats were friendly.

# 53

They didn't hate me, or abandon me, or look at me like a monster, but as a friend.

# 54

Everyone knew why I left Windclan, and Shadowclan was perfect fine with me sharing their fresh kill.

# 55

The apprentices were right.

# 56

You haven't lived until you've tasted frog.

# 57

One day, Batwing let me explore the area outside of camp with the other kits.

# 58

There I saw a butterfly.

# 59

It was a weird butterfly.

# 60

It was the ginger of my fur, and black markings.

# 61

"What is that?" I asked, turning to Batwing

# 62

"That is a monarch"

# 63

"If you'd like I can tell you a story about them!"

# 64

It was only a matter of heart beats before all the kits had gathered around.

# 65

Chuckling, Batwing started her story.

# 66

"My mentor told me about a time he saw the Great Monarch Migration. He was on a quest to go find something -I forgot what- but he said they encountered the migration on accident.

At first, they were trying to avoid all the Two-legs, but they then noticed one of the apprentices missing, so they went back to look for him.

When they did, they saw him awestruck.

Now, they didn't know what was going on, so he pointed towards the sky.

Even though it was evening, and the sky was already an orange color, it's color had deepened.

In the sky there were thousands of monarchs flying south for the winter-"

"Like Birds?" Applekit interruptedz

"Yes like birds" Batwing responded before carrying on,

"It would be a once in a lifetime even that only happens twice a year, in leaf-fall, and new-leaf, but its an experience you'll never forget."

# 67

When Batwing finished her story, she went back to shadeheart, the other queen, who she sat and chatted to.

# 68

The whole time I was fascinated by the monarch, who was soon joined by another.

# 69

I sat watching the beautiful creatures that gave me my name before the queen's decided we could go in.

# 70

Laying against batwing's belly, I felt my siblings slightly snore.

# 71

"Batwing?"

# 72

"Yes, Monarchkit?"

# 73

"Can we go see the Monarch Migration someday?"

# 74

Batwing purred.

# 75

"Of course. One day, you and I will both witness this great Migration."

# Epilouge

The five cats stood on the hill, the monarchs flying over them.

One cat stood out the most though, the smallest one, the short she cat with stubby legs. Her eyes sparkled as she gazed at the butterflies, the smile on her face as she stared at them was the biggest it had been in a moon.

Batwing's death had changed everything.

The loyal Shadowclan warrior may have lost the battle to greencough, but that she cat was never gonna rest until her kits, even the ones that weren't truly hers, saw this, even if that meant haunting Darkstar, Drizzlestar's successor's, dreams.

But now, they were here, all of them. Turtlepetal, Hawkwing, Applefrost, Redscar, and herself. They had finally made it.

Turtlepetal sighed, looking at the split-furred she-cat whom she grew up with for most of her life.

"It's even better then we imagined, isn't it Monarchbreeze?"

Monarchbreeze breathed her response, unable to find words.

Redscar also answered that question, but answered by sniffling, tears staining his eyes.

Hawkwing purred, leaning against his mates side, nearly burying himself in fur.

The sight was just magnificent, and they wished it would never end.

The chorus of all the same, yet different, creatures bringing joy to the world gave them memories they would never forget.

Monarchbreeze closed her eyes, listening to the batting of wings.

While having them closed, a familiar, yet starry scent filled her nose.

*Isn't it beautiful Batwing?*

*Yes, yes it is my child.*